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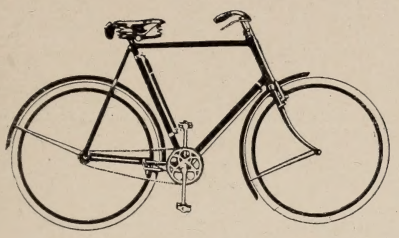

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Service Roll

KING HENRY V. TO HIS TROOPS BEFORE HARFLEUR

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of a tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage,
And lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is fed from fathers of war-proof!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war! Let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

The following is a partial list of Victoria High School graduates who are fighting at the front or have left the Province to go to the front:

Lieut. J. Gibson Anderson
Lieut. Henry Angus
Capt. Walter S. Barton (7th)
Pte. Mark Berton (48th Batt.)
Lieut. Arthur Beaumont Boggs (29th Lancers, Sautor, India)
Lieut. Herbert Beaumont Boggs (killed in action)
Lieut. Charles Brown (Royal Berkshire Regiment)
Pte. James P. Brown (now orderly to Major-Gen. Currie)
Pte. J. J. Brown (48th)
Sapper W. H. Brown
Pte. Harold G. Carne (C. A. Medical Corps)
Pte. Frederick A. Carne (C. A. Medical Corps)
Gunner E. D. Carter
Gunner Howard Carter
Gunner Vere Carter
Pte. Douglas Campbell (returned to Victoria on furlough)
Lieut. Forin Campbell
Pte. Walter Campbell
Sergt. Harold Clark (Batt. Scouts)
Pte. Jas. Cummins (Ambulance Corps)
Gunner Lewis Davis
Lance-Corp. John S. Dee (wounded in action in France, now in Birmingham Hospital)
Pte. Frank Dunn (Medical Corps)
Driver Harold Ede
Lieut. Duncan Ellis (Royal Engineers)
Gunner George W. Elliott
Trooper Linden Fairbairn
Pte. Fred Burt Farquharson
Pte. Thomas Floyd
Pte. Thomas Forrester
Pte. George Fox
Pte. James Allan Fraser (Ambulance Corps)
Pte. H. S. Graves
Lieut. A. J. Gray
Lieut. Robert Green
Pte. Ewart Gregson
Pte. Evan Hanbury (Transport Service)
Lieut. F. Carleton Hanington
Pte. Chas. Hardie (Princess Patricias)
Pte. Freeman Harding
Signaller Edward F. Hardwick (3rd Brigade)
Pte. Fred Heal (died of pneumonia at Salisbury Plains)
Gunner C. B. Henderson (Canadian Field Artillery)
Pte. Dono Heyland
Pte. Alwin Holland
Lieut. Cuthbert Holmes
Sergt. A. P. Huggett
Trooper Kenneth John
Pte. Clarence Johns
Pte. Byron Johnson (Army Service Corps)
Pte. Aubrey Jones
Lieut. Nelson King
Trooper Stanley P. Langley
Corp. Herbert C. Laundy
Sergt. E. L. Laundy
Trooper Alva Lowery
Gunner Gerald Miller
Lieut. James C. Miller
Lieut. G. B. Milligan (Royal Horse Artillery)
Pte. J. N. Milligan (prisoner in Germany)
Pte. Cecil Milloy (wounded, recently returned to Victoria)

Pte. Robert G. McBurnie
Pte. Athol MacFarlane (Universities' Contingent)
Lieut. Eric MacCallum
Pte. Robert McIlvride
Pte. Blythe McIlvride
Sapper Evan MacMillan
Corp. Proctor McPherson (wounded in action)
Gunner Myers
Sapper O. K. Nason
Corp. George Norris
Gunner Thomas Norris
Corp. Robert O'Meara
Corp. Arthur Pascoe
Pte. Sylvester Paul (wounded in Ypres)
Pte. Harold Pope
Pte. Charles Pratt (48th)
Wilfred C. Prevost (Devonport Dockyard)
Lieut. Harry L. Robinson
Lieut. D. Rochford (wounded in action)
Lieut. W. D'O. Rochfort
Pte. Campbell Sanson
Trooper Blayney Scott
Trooper Gilling Scott
Lieut. Matthew Scott
Pte. Clement Sears (wounded in action)
Pte. Reginald Sedger
Pte. Edward P. Shaw
Sergt. P. M. Smith (wounded in action)
Sapper Alan Spencer
Pte. Norman Spencer (Army Service Corps)
Sergt. D. Vernon Stevens (killed in action)
Lieut. Edwin S. Tait
Corp. Frank Tait
Pte. Mortimer Tait
Pte. Shirley Yuill
Capt. A. B. Walter
Sergt. Ernest Waller (C.F.A.)
Lieut. Richard P. Wallis
Sergt. Leonard Warnicker (Army Dental Corps)
Lieut. H. E. Whyte (Army Service Corps)
Lance-Corp. Conrad Wilson
Lieut.-Col. W. A. Winsby (Commanding 47th)
Lieut. Harry N. Wootton (30th)

ENLISTED FOR SERVICE ABROAD

Pte. Hugh Baker (Army S. C.)
Pte. Percy Barr (103rd)
Lieut. Wm. S. Barton (103rd)
Pte. J. Blandy
Pte. H. W. Brown
Sub-Lieut. Thomas Brown (H. M. S. Rainbow)
Pte. Archie Boyd (67th)
Pte. Chester Boyd (67th)
Lieut. Gavin H. Burns
Gunner Gordon Campbell
Pte. Fred Coldwell
Lance-Corp. Fred Copas (103rd)
Pte. Roy Copas (103rd)
Pte. Desmond Davis (Medical Corps)
Gunner Curtis Dean
Pte. Spencer Dee (88th)
Pte. James Denholme
Pte. George B. Elliott (67th)
Pte. Fred P. Fatt
Pte. Charles Fleming (88th)
Pte. Claude Floyd
Pte. Alexander Forrester
Pte. James Leonard Gray (88th)
Pte. Nelson Gowen
Pte. Ernest Charles Greenshaw
Gunner Richard Hall
Gunner Donald Hanna
Lieut. Barnett Harvey (88th)
Pte. Troy Hodgson (Ambulance Corps)
Gunner William Jackson
Gunner Ewart Lumsden (5th Regt.)
Pte. Gordon Marwick (Bugler 88th)
Pte. George H. Miles (103rd)
Pte. Harold McIlvride
Gunner Vincent McKinnon
Pte. Howard McNeill
Pte. Rae McNeill
Pte. I. B. Nason (103rd)
Capt. Stanley Okell
Pte. Horace Paul
Lance-Corp. Hiram Pickard
Pte. Russell Pollock (88th)
Pte. Wilfred Pollock (103rd)
Gunner James Pottinger
Pte. E. L. Pottinger (Army Service Corps)
Pte. Clifford Reid
Pte. A. S. Riley (103rd)
Lieut. William C. Ross
Lieut. Herbert Ross
Capt. Albert Sargison
Sergt. Cyril Sedger (died of typhoid at Work Point)
Pte. Alexander Shaw
Pte. Herman Sherwood (67th)
Pte. Cyril Sprinkling
Pte. Ewart Sprinkling (103rd)
Lieut. H. Skelton (103rd)
Pte. Weyburn Steele
Pte. Andrew Sykes
Pte. Harold Tait
Lieut. Virgil Wescott (Dental Corps)
Pte. Alexander Wilby
Pte. Robin Wilson
Pte. Otto Woolsey
Pte. Edward Wootton (88th)
Pte. Frank Youngs (103rd)

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.
Now these her princes are come home again,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. —King John

The Matriculation Play.

FOR obvious reasons it would be impossible for the Matriculation Year to present the whole play of Julius Caesar; they are presenting with slight variations the first three acts. The play as presented will reveal the essential part of the story, to wit, the conflict in Brutus between his love of Caesar and what he considers his duty to the state; Caesar puffed with the pride that goes before a fall; the scheming and cunning of Cassius to lead the misjudgment of Brutus further astray; and lastly, the Forum scene where Antony's oratory rouses the Roman citizens to mutiny, thus bringing the vengeance of Caesar's spirit upon the conspirators who struck against him.

* * * * *

JULIUS CAESAR—Act I.—Scene 1.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Julius Caesar .....Valdemar Bendrodt
Mark Antony, Caesar's friend.....Strother Foulkes
Calpurnia, wife of Caesar.....Marjorie Mallagh
Portia, wife of Brutus.....Edith Stewart

Conspirators against Julius Caesar:—Marcus Brutus, Douglas Scott; Caius Cassius, Harry Cross; Casca, Walton Gilbert; Decius Brutus, Francis McNamee; Trebonius, Stuart Kenning; Metellus Cimber, Paul King; Cinna, Torquil Burns.

Senators:—Cicero, James Ellard; Popilius Lena, William McKinnon.

Servant of Brutus—Arthur Jackson.

Servant of Caesar—Heber Jones.

A Soothsayer—Frank Davey.

Dancers and Attendants:—May Smith, Nora MacEachern, Nora Drury, Edna Humber, Laura Eng, Iona Cutler, Marjorie Campbell, Gertie Bryce, Miriam Elliot.

Citizens:—1st Citizen, James Ellard; 2nd Citizen, Cecil Laundy; 3rd Citizen, Reggie Murray; 4th Citizen, Howard Knott.

The Mob:—Ben Nichells, George Patterson, Torquil Burns, Francis McNamee, Stuart Kenning, Walton Gilbert, Ray Parfitt, W. Palmer, Victor Sivertz, Stanley Miles, Heber Jones, G. Eason, James McFadden.

Soldiers:—William McKinnon, Cecil Hay, Frank Davey, D. Tuckey.

In contrast with the sombre ending, the play opens with general rejoicing and merrymaking; it is a Roman holiday, the Feast of Lupercal. Julius Caesar, victorious Roman general, is on his way to the festival—perhaps to receive the crown upon which his ambition is fixed. From the throng of citizens comes a soothsayer bidding Caesar beware the Ides of March; but Caesar, blown with arrogance and self-sufficiency, dismisses him as a dreamer and passes on. Caesar has already begun to assume the tone and manner of a king—as if in anticipation.

Brutus and Cassius remain behind; the former had always opposed vigorously the idea of a king over Rome, as his ancestors had before him: yet Caesar was his friend. The wily Cassius, moved by personal jealousy of Caesar, depicts him to Brutus as a man of ambition and yet of weakness, one who is using Rome merely as a means to his own end.

The procession returns; the crown has been offered to Caesar, but fearing that the Roman populace were not altogether in sympathy.

he has half-heartedly refused. To Antony he now vents his spleen upon Cassius.

"Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."

Casca's blunt recital at the proceedings at the festival adds still further to the force of Cassius's words. Brutus departs, sorely perplexed.

Julius Caesar: Act II., Scene 1.—Brutus: . . . "O ye gods, Render me worthy of this noble wife."

Brutus' Tribute to the fine devotion of Portia. —Gibson Photo

ACT I.—Scene 2.

Rome is enveloped in a terrific electrical storm. Cicero and Casca meet by chance in the street. To Casca, as perhaps to many superstitious Romans, the storm is full of terrors. He tells wondrous tales of apparitions seen by distorted imaginations. For Cicero the night has nothing unusual beyond the violence of the storm itself. Just as Cicero takes leave of Casca, Cassius enters. In his shrewd cunning he is not slow to take advantage of Casca's fears. He succeeds in persuading him to take part in a conspiracy formed against Caesar. It is fitting that a conspiracy should be launched under cover of night when there is "no stir or walking in the streets."

ACT II.—Scene 1.

In the beginning of Scene 1 we find Brutus alone in his garden. That he is much troubled in mind may be judged when he says:

"Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection."

Julius Caesar: Act II., Scene 2.—Calpurnia pleads with Caesar to heed her forbodings and not to go to the Senate lest some danger befall him. —Gibson Photo

Caesar's death, his meditation discloses, is the only way out of the difficulty. Rome must not have a monarch; kings have too often become tyrants, and Brutus recognizes in Caesar's arrogance the moulding of a despot. At this point Lucius, his servant, brings him a paper which has been thrown in at the window; it urges him to "speak, strike, redress." The message stirs in him all the pride of the stand taken by his ancestors and serves to strengthen his decision.

The conspirators are now announced and Brutus lets them know his decision. In such respect is he held by them that they are obedient to his every wish; but Brutus is not a practical man, and he rejects the very proposals which, as later events proved, were essential to the success of their plans.

As the conspirators furtively depart, they are seen by Portia, the wife of Brutus. For some time she has seen that something is amiss with Brutus; what she has seen confirms her fears and she is troubled. She urges her husband to share with her his secrets that she may help him in his troubles.

> "I grant I am a woman; but withal
> A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
> I grant I am a woman; but withal
> A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
> Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
> Being so father'd and so husbanded?
> Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
> I have made strong proof of my constancy,
> Giving myself a voluntary wound
> Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
> And not my husband's secrets?"

Her fine devotion to her husband shows another side of Brutus' character which could not be portrayed in his dealings with the conspirators.

ACT II.—Scene 2

The scene opens in Caesar's house. Calpurnia, Caesar's wife has been disturbed by forboding dreams, and pleads with him not to go to the senate house. Caesar defers to her wishes, but a moment afterwards when Decius Brutus, one of the conspirators, comes to escort him to the senate, he quickly changes from his former resolution. Decius flatters him and tells him that the senate is likely to offer him the crown. In spite of Calpurnia's fears, Caesar decides to go.

The effect of the whole scene is to make Caesar appear not only superstitious but also weak and vacillating.

ACT II.—Scene 3

It is the day set for the fulfilling of the conspiracy. Portia, who now knows her husband's secret, is so carried away with excitement

that she cannot help betraying her anxiety to Lucius. To add to her anxiety the soothsayer who had already warned Caesar to beware the Ides of March, makes his appearance and tells her his intention of once more cautioning Caesar. Is the plot, after all, to be thwarted?

ACT III.—Scene 1

Caesar has arrived at the Capitol. We note the conspirators standing apart in a group. Suddenly they are startled to find that Popilius Lena, a senator, apparently knows their plans for he says to Cassius: "I wish today your enterprise may thrive," and with that departs. But they are relieved of this anxiety and Metellus Cimber, begs that his brother may be recalled from banishment. The conspirators know that Caesar will not grant the boon. In refusing, Caesar's tone and manner is that of a tyrant; he speaks of "Caesar and his senate"; he compares himself to the polar star and to Olympus, the mountain of the gods. At the height of his frenzy Casca stabs him from behind, crying: "Speak, hands, for me!" This was the signal and the other conspirators do their part. Brutus, perhaps because he dreaded the bloody act, perhaps because he wished the senate to mark him, struck last. Great Caesar fell, his spirit crushed. "Et tu, Brute?" he exclaimed, for Brutus was his friend.

Antony's Lament over Caesar's Body: —Gibson Photo

Antony: "O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low? Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.

Now comes the first suggestion of fear to the conspirators. But Brutus reassures them and at his suggestion they stoop and bathe their hands in Caesar's blood. Cassius, in a spirit of prophecy, says:

"Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!"

At this moment Mark Antony arrives. Cassius, with his keen insight, wishes to know "what compact he means to have with them." Brutus, however, greets him as a friend and in spite of Cassius' protests, gives him leave to speak to Caesar's funeral. That fatal step was the cause of their undoing.

ACT III.—Scene 2

The curtain rises on a mob of Roman citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit of the Forum and addresses them. The commoners, however, fail to catch the true meaning of his speech; they are glad that Rome is rid of Caesar, but they fail to realize that Brutus has no personal motive in killing him; they are anxious that Brutus be their leader. This as we know was not his object, and he departs with the request that they hear Mark Antony.

Mark Antony is cunning; he knows how to sway the mob of Roman commoners. In his speech he appeals directly to their feelings. He follows this up with a skilful reference to the will of Caesar, and he wins over the mob by broadly hinting that they are

Henry IV., Scene 3.—Falstaff is told by Prince Hal of the jest perpetrated upon him.

Caesar's heirs. Caesar's body is at the foot of the pulpit from which he is speaking. Coming down from the Rostrum, Mark Antony points to the mantle covering the corpse. He shows the stubs of the several conspirators; he dwells upon the ingratitude of Brutus,

"For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel;
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him,"

until, with a dramatic touch, he removes the mantle, saying:

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors!"
"Look you here,

Thereupon he reads the will, and the mob, worked to a frenzy of passion against against the conspirators, rush off to seek them. Mark Antony, left alone, cynically exclaims:

"Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!"

HENRY IV—PART I.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Falstaff	Robin Gray
Prince Hal	Douglas Wallace
Poins	Paul King
Bardolph	Ben Nichells
Gadshill	William McKinnon
Travellers	Geo. Patterson, Reg. Murray, Frank Jones

IN ADDITION to the Julius Caesar the Matriculation Class presents certain co-ordinated scenes from Henry IV, Part I, which have been arranged as follows:—

Scene I.—The first scene opens with a dialogue between Prince Hal, the son of Henry IV, the reigning Monarch of England, and his inimitable boon companion, Sir John Falstaff, who is humourously blaming the boyish Prince for being the cause of his waywardness. Sir John tells the Prince that, before he himself made the acquaintance of royalty, he was a model of deportment and the paragon of innocence, whereas because of his present association he is "little better than one of the wicked." The Prince, in order to put to the test the sincerity of Falstaff's good resolutions for reformation of character, suggests a highway expedition to his elderly friend, who welcomes joyfully this opportunity to engage in his chosen vocation.

Just at this opportune moment, Poins arrives on the scene with news of an excellent chance for putting their designs into practice. He informs his two friends that early on the following morning there are pilgrims journeying to the shrine of Thomas A. Becket at Canterbury with rich votive offerings, as well as travellers approaching London with well-lined purses, and he proposes that they be waylaid at a convenient point on the road near Gadshill.

When Falstaff suggests to the Prince that he join them in this enterprise the royal dignity of the heir apparent is injured seriously, and he regards the proposition as preposterous. Poins, however, comes to the rescue, advising Falstaff that he will present to the Prince such influential reasons for the adventure that he will be persuaded to accompany them. Whereupon Falstaff departs in

disgust. The two friends being thus left to themselves, Poins discloses his design of a jest which he cannot manage alone and in the execution of which he enlists the aid of Prince Hal.

Scene II.—The incidents here depicted take place on the road near Gadshill, the scene of the proposed robbery. After certain preliminaries four travellers approach and are set upon by Falstaff and three of his companions who, after a slight skirmish, despoil them of their goods. As these highwaymen are dividing the booty, the Prince and Poins in disguise, who, according to previous agreement, have separted from the other members of the party, attack them, obtaining easy possession of the spoils.

Scene III.—The final scene takes place in the Boar's Head Tavern at Eastcheap and is mainly a recital by Falstaff of his own gallant exploits during his fight with the travellers, in addition to his rather severe criticism of the cowardice of the Prince and Poins.

THE SEVEN AGES OF A BOY

The school world is our stage,
And all pupils and teachers are our players,
They have their exits and their entrances,
And each one in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Screaming and crying for a pretty toy,
And then the freshman, nervous and weary,
Facing the terrors of his first day
At school. And then the hard-working junior
Sighing like a furnace, with his struggling efforts,
To please a stern teacher. Then an athlete,
Striving to be a member of his hockey team
(Which in the future he becomes—
Gaining the bubble reputation
In the Vancouver match.) And then the footballer;
In rain or shine he aspires to be
Swift as the wind and dead shot at a goal,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into that proud and envied student
With spectacles on nose and book at side,
The great Matric, whose work is nearly done,
Scorning those fresh Prelims and Juniors too,
Last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history,
He leaves regretfully, to spend his days
Sans homework, sans exams, sans everything.

* * * * * M. PRESTON, Matric C.

"Don't you think my execution of Othello a capital performance in my line?" said an actor to Cooke, the tragedian. "Why, yes," said the punster, "all executions may be considered *capital performances*, and Othello is executed so effectually in your line that, as soon as you lay hands on him, he is no *moor*.

IT was announced, in the last issue, that our March number would be devoted to matters Shakespearean. In making this departure from precedent, we beg the patience of any hearty Freshmen among Camosun readers who "don't see much sport" within these covers, hoping they will understand that a Shakespeare centenary will not, in the natural order of things, take place again for some time.

Mr. Willis and Miss Cann, who kindly consented to act as judges of the competition for the essays and poetry of this issue, have awarded the first prize to Moya Walsh. Hilda Hinder and Arthur Jackson tied for second place.

As the result of an oversight on the part of the editor, a composition by Harry Cross, which will appear later, was not included in the competition.

We have not thought it necessary to dwell upon the few meagre facts of Shakespeare's life, since they are in general well known, and are for the most part comprehended within the essays of this issue. We have attempted, however, in the choice of material, to select those subjects which illustrate the spirit and customs of Shakespeare's day. In carrying out this plan, and owing to lack of space, it has been impossible to publish several compositions of outstanding merit, of which those by Marjorie Robson and Strother Foulkes deserve special mention.

On April 14, at that time when high school students are wont to discuss the examinations just ended, and liberally criticize the examiners, an exhibition of great interest to students and parents alike will be given. To be more explicit, the High School Gymnasium will be the scene of athletic exercises and dances by the girls, and an exhibition basketball game between the winners of the inter-class series and a picked team, by the boys. As the proceeds of this entertainment will be devoted to the track-meet of this year it is expected that every loyal student will support it.

The Camosun is indebted to Jack Miller, of Commercial C, for the cover design of this issue.

A Sonnet to Shakespeare.

(Prize-Winning Sonnet)

Afar within yon distance, dim and grey,
Low-lying mountains trail in misty cloud;
O'er them a lonely peak holds towering sway,
A hoary-crested monarch, granite browed,
Till now obscured; but see! the dusk has fled;
From far within the mist a silver glow
Reveals in nameless glory yon lone head,
And sheds its light on all the hills below.
So, in the solitude of greatness, thou
Shakespeare, a matchless monarch stand'st sublime:
Yet through the mist of years, thy crowned brow
Was dimly seen; but now our praise is thine.
For the revealing light of time upon
Thy wondrous genius has in brightness shone.

HILDA HINDER, Junior A.

Men and Manners in the Wonderful Sixteenth Century.

(Prize-Winning Essay)

THE Sixteenth Century was an age of transition—one of those critical periods when "the old order changeth, yielding place to new." Their minds quickened by the Renaissance, the people were passing from an almost semi-barbaric state to the first stages of our modern life and civilization, and it is in the reign of Elizabeth that we find this phenomenon most strongly accentuated. All the reforms which were being slowly evolved during the last few decades were suddenly consummated within a very short period of time, giving a sharp and striking effect, as of turning over a page.

In order to gain an insight into the spirit of the period we must study the people, and especially the middle classes, for they as a whole personify, and indeed are, the spirit of their time. From the people sprang Shakespeare, England's greatest mouthpiece of all time, and it is their very soul that he lays bare in those of his works with English themes.

The Renaissance movement, having travelled throughout the length and breadth of Europe, was now visiting the island kingdom with full force; and men's minds, awakened and instructed as they had never been before, blossomed out in a virile and youthful vigor of expression. Then, and until a much later period, few intellectual pursuits but literature (in its restricted sense of quality), were open to the scholar, and this confinement in a narrow channel only increased the force of their work still more, as their energies, as yet untapped and undiluted, sought for some outlet or overflow.

In direct contrast to the intellectual life of the people was their daily household existence. Hedged in by custom and ignorance, man dwelt in the midst of dirt and squalor unbelievable in these days. He was not only content with this order of things, but resented any change, as against the wise provisions of Providence.

The Elizabethan houses, very picturesque to look at, were the reverse to live in, with their low, dark rooms, whose beamed ceilings were begrimed and sooty with the smoke of ages. Their floors were often of earth or clay, and were always covered with rushes, the bottom layers of which were seldom changed, and which became the last resting place for all scraps and offal; rugs and carpets being unknown except as wall-ornaments or table covers. The furniture was crude in the extreme, and was, besides, very scanty. It generally consisted of a deal table and benches, with perhaps a settle and one or two chairs by the fire. Despite a law against it, many houses were innocent of more chimney than a hole in the roof. Although people took a barbaric delight in decking themselves, personal cleanliness was not considered either important or necessary, and this was worse in an age when men eat from a common dish, and with their fingers. Of course table manners, as we know them, were conspicuous by their absence.

The Englishman of that century was a hearty eater and drinker, and even the poor fed better then than at the present day. The general custom was to have two meals a day—dinner at about eleven o'clock, and supper at six, though the poorer classes had their meals when they could. The board was bountifully laden, but with coarse viands, and as water was unknown as a drink, enormous quantities of beer, generally home-brewed, were consumed.

The recreations of the people might be divided into two classes, those of the home or family, and those of the festival or crowd. At home such innocent amusements as cards, shove-groat, dice, story-telling, and the propounding of riddles, employed whatever time the goodman and his wife might have to spare; but more brutal were the sports of the crowd—the favourite being bear-baiting with dogs. This was the national "sport," just as bull-fighting is in Spain today, and like the latter, was patronized by royalty. Other amusements which offered much scope for betting were cock fighting, and cock throwing, —in which the players threw sticks at a tethered cock until it was killed. These and the plucking of live geese were specially popular with the younger folk. Various forms of hunting and hawking were indulged in by the more wealthy, but cannot be described as sports of the populace.

The inhabitants of a country who can not only tolerate but enjoy such sights as these must be of a somewhat low moral order, and consequently we find that superstition, one of the surest traits of ignorance, darkens many pages in the annals of this age of otherwise enlightened men. Their most popular beliefs were those in Magic and in the Evil Eye. As an example of the latter we have the authentic

incident which befell Pope Pius IX, and which, although it took place in Rome, serves as an excellent illustration of the credulity of the people of the time. As the Pope was proceeding through the streets during some religious festival, he happened to look up at a window where a nurse was holding up a baby, and by mischance she dropped the child shortly afterwards. Immediately the report was spread abroad that the Holy Father had the Evil Eye, (although he was not believed to have wilfully caused the child's destruction) and thus was the love of the world for a kind old man changed into causeless and never-ending fear. Charms were worn to ward off all manner of evils, and this custom was fostered and carried to an extreme. One of the most far-fetched ideas was that of carrying a bay leaf to ward off lightning!

In this connection we must touch on the subject of witches, in those days a very vital one. Man has believed in witches and wizards from the earliest times, and owing to this a supply has always been found to meet the demand; thus, in the sixteenth century, if anyone was suffering from some slight ailment or defect, they would consult a "white witch," *i.e.*, one that did not deal in Black Magic, or the arts of blighting and destroying,—for such were the powers attributed to them. As a result any religious awakening of the people was followed by the burning at the stake of a number of witches, probably denounced by some zealous enthusiast who had formerly been quite willing to consult the said victim on matters of health or destiny.

It is a far cry from a popular belief in witches to a genuine love and appreciation of fine literature yet such a phenomenon was possible to the Elizabethans. The works of Bacon and Sir Philip Sidney were admired and read by court and populace alike, and the same is true, to a lesser degree, of the plays of Marlowe, Jonson, Shakespeare, although the latter suffered somewhat like a prophet in his own country.

In the days of "Good Queen Bess" England was engaged in wars, fully as important, in comparison, as she is engaged in now, and in consequence an ardent and enthusiastic spirit of loyalty pervaded not only the minds and actions of the people, but "the children of the mind," the literary works of the day; and if Britain would only be as united and patriotic today as then, her enemies would not have their present success, temporary as it must be, for

"Then none was for party;
Then all were for the state."

H. F. B. JACKSON, Matric A.

When playing Shylock at the Lyceum Theatre the late Sir Henry Irving had occasion to drive to the theatre in a hansom and by mistake tendered a shilling when the fare was really eighteen pence or two shillings. The cabman looked hard at the shilling and then said: "Well, if you play the Jew inside as well as you play it outside blest if I don't spend the bob in coming to see you."

"All's Well That Ends Well"

(Prize-Winning Story)

A QUAINT picturesque little town is Bedford with its straggling narrow streets and its market place paved with round white cobble-stones. In the year 1598 there was a little buzz of excitement in the place one quiet evening in early spring. Here and there some sturdy yeomen and a couple of portly burgesses were seen shaking their heads and looking very serious. A group of boys were talking in an excited way. Ned Walker cried out to merry Tom Carpenter, as he came whirling up the street, "Phil Fletcher has run away to seek his fortune!" "Whither did he go?" gasped Tom, in a maze. "To London town. He told Ed Lucy that he would na stay in Bedford, but would go to London and to sea. Old Bob Wilson, him that spent his life at sea, ha' filled his head wi yarns o' one John Oxenham on the gold-hunting on the Spanish Main; and naught would content young Phil but he must be a sailor. Belike this place be dull, for a city lad." "Ye should ha staved his going," scowled Burgess Hawkins, "he be but a young lad for a' he is so tall; and his grandam will be sore grieved. But Master Roche says, belike he is only off for a frolic." "I trow so," said Ned, "for it meaneth more to me than I can tell thee. I spoke a holiday for us all, come Saturday, o' purpose to keep him by me; and I've na laid eyes on him since Tuesday e'en."

Philip Fletcher was a delicate, fair-faced English boy, tall for his age, slender and graceful as a deer. He was an orphan; and he had been sent from London to live with his grandmother, in Bedford, in the hope that the fresh air and wholesome country life would make him strong. For he was one of the boys of St. Paul's; and Master Gyles, the head of the famous schools of acting and music, could ill spare him, as he thought highly of his young pupil. He was anxious to have him strong and well and back again for May-Day to play in the "Revels" before the Queen as they had done, with much success, at Christmas time. Her Majesty had been graciously pleased and had taken particular notice of Philip.

When Phil first came to his grandmother's he was delighted to be free from the restraints of school and he soon became as hearty as his companions. He was the idol of all the country youths about, for whom he acted and danced until they declared that he was better than any play-actor they had ever seen in Strathford town or Coventry. But he soon grew weary of the quiet town. He spent his time listening to an old sailor, Bob Wilson, tell of his adventures on the good ship, "Golden Hind"; and he told also of the wonderful deeds of Drake and Raleigh and many more. These tales made Phil's heart beat high with excitement. For a month or more he had saved his silver pennies (for he made a good many, whenever he danced or sang on market day), against the time that he would leave Bedford for London to be a sailor.

On this spring day, in the early morning, before the good people were astir, he had started out on the road to St. Alban's with his dress clothes in a neat pack on his back, some oat cakes and cheese for refreshment and his little savings in his pouch. The birds were chirping and the air was sweet with the perfume of hawthorn and primroses. The boy ran and skipped gaily along, whistling and singing as he went, quite unmindful of the anxiety and sadness his escapade was to cause his grandmother and the town-folk who were all so fond of him. Many a lift his pretty face got for him on the road to St. Alban's; and he arrived at the Three Lions Inn on the evening of the second day a little dusty and weary but none the worse for his journey.

No one took much notice of the lad as he entered the inn. Tables stood all along the walls and men were drinking, playing cards and rattling dice. At one of the tables a gay crowd were talking and laughing. They were richly dressed in velvet cloaks and silken hose; and Phil knew them at once for the Lord Chamberlain's Players, who were resting for the night at the inn, on their way to London town. There were the Burbages, Master Kemp, Dick Tarlton, Joe Taylor, and Hemynge and Master Will Shakespeare, the man who was writing all the new plays, and Ben Jonson, another playwriter, and both good friends of his Uncle Fletcher. Phil looked timidly at each one in turn but he was a bit afraid of Ben Jonson's loud voice. However, he soon found courage and approached: "Good-even, sirs," said he, and bowed to all politely. "Well, lad, wouldst like to join us?" asked Master Shakespeare. The players all looked enquiringly at him. Phil introduced himself, told them of his uncle, whom they knew and said that he was on his way to London; but he did not mention St. Paul's, lest they should take him back to Master Gyles, when they came to town, and thus his sea-faring plans would come to naught. The men made him welcome at the table, all the time wondering that so young a lad should travel by himself. Later in the evening he danced and sang for them and they were astounded at his skill. Ben Jonson fixed him with a mighty frown and said: "'Tis a good thing verily that thou hast found friends here, else, methinks thou wouldst not reach London nor thy uncle in safety." Jonson thought of the forests on the road through Middlesex and the rogues and vagabonds and gypsies that frequented them; and he decided to take the lad in his care. But Master Shakespeare was thinking meanwhile of the part the boy could play in his new piece, "As You Like It," at the new play-house when they reached London. Putting his hand gently on Phil's head he said: "Perhaps thou'd like to play tomorrow night at Blackfriar's with us?" The lad agreed right willingly and eagerly read his part; so 'twas settled that he would travel with them an hour after sunrise the next day.

After a good night's sleep, washed and refreshed, Phil opened his pack and dressed himself in his best clothes to be in keeping with his new friends. His long silken hose were crimson and his trunks and

jerkin were of a darker shade; with these he had a bronze leather belt and bronze coloured shoes. His shirt was of fine Holland linen and he wore a broad lace collar. A cloak of golden brown velvet and a cap of the same, crowning his sunny curls, completed his costume. He was a pleasant sight to see and the players greeted him kindly and looked their admiration.

The gay company rode into London that evening and after supping had a few hours much needed rest. Later they were billed to play at the Blackfriar's Theatre and Philip studied his lines and planned his escape.

Having acted his part the boy was free; he found a way out of the theatre and, after much running, reached the London docks. At first the bustle and excitement of the loading and unloading of the boats pleased him; and there was the pleasing smell of tar; but he saw, nowhere, the jolly mariners that he dreamt of; instead of hailing him cheerily the men shoved him about and swore at him. The boats were dirty and altogether things were disappointing. Wearied and disillusioned, he scrambled down into a little boat bobbing about near the wharf. He was very tired; the movement of the boat soon put him to sleep. At first he slept soundly, lulled by the gentle rocking of the boat and the soft lapping of the waters against its sides. But suddenly a clamour and shouting made him start up. The boat had broken from its moorings and he saw that he was in the way of a beautiful barge of considerable size. The oarsmen were shouting at him, "Make way for Her Majesty the Queen!" It was, in fact, the royal barge coming from Richmond to the palace at Greenwich; and Queen Elizabeth (under a pavilion of red and white silk surmounted by a large gilt crown) was seated in it upon some scarlet cushions. She wore a small gold crown on her head; her dress was a blaze of jewels; and several ladies sat at her feet. Phil had little time for observation, for the royal barge was close upon him and he was astonished and alarmed to find himself in the presence of Her Majesty. Quickly getting to his feet, cap in hand, he bowed prettily. His rich dress and graceful bearing attracted the Queen, and commanding the barge stopped she ordered Philip to climb up into it. His fair, curly hair was tossed about his rosy, childish face, but his clear blue eyes looked gravely yet fearlessly at Her Majesty. She questioned him kindly and he told her that he was one of St. Paul's boys, and that he wished to go to sea. The Queen recalled with pleasure his acting in the "Revels"; and she said, "Thou shalt come to court and be our page; and when thou art older we shall send thee to sea and so respect thy wish."

MOYA WALSH, Junior A.

When Mrs. Siddons, the Shakespearean actress, called on Dr. Johnson, the servant could not immediately bring her a chair. "You see, Madam," said Johnson, "wherever you go, how difficult it is to *find seats.*"

The Elizabethan Theatre.

THE English Drama originated in the desire of the clergy to make visible to their ignorant congregations the most significant incidents of the gospel story. Since few people in the twelfth century could read and less were acquainted with the Latin in which the service was rendered, the priests decided to picture the most important scenes before them so that they might more easily understand. Spaces were reserved in different parts of the church to indicate special localities. When they wished to tell the Christmas story one place was the manger, another the throne of Herod and so on. The performers moved from one "station" to another as the sequence of events required and in this way most of the action took place anywhere in the crowd.

After a time the Mystery, which was this religious play, became too great a burden for the church. Many colloquial expressions were being used instead of the Latin to enable the people to understand more readily. This frightened the priests and it was at last thrust out of the church. It was at once taken up by the laymen. There was no change of method except that of presentation out of doors. The acting took place in the open street, or on one or other of the "stations" or platforms. The actors were amateurs, members of the different trade guilds which represented the various professions. The Mysteries suggested the dramatizing of the Saints' lives and of allegories. It was during this period of the drama that the comic element was introduced. Devils ran about among the crowd, making jokes and in other ways amusing the spectators.

During the early years of the Renaissance period small companies of strolling actors came into existence. Their repertory consisted of scenes from the Mysteries and from the Miracle plays. They dramatized history and popular fiction. They were still representing a story for those who could not read. They acted in Baronial Hall, or in the Town Hall, on the village green or in the courtyard of the inn. The inn was the most suitable because the courtyard was a hollow square with galleries on three sides of it. Most of the spectators stood around the platform which had been erected for the players, but ladies and gentlemen staying at the inn sat out on the galleries.

Many of the magistrates and city officials of London were Puritans and they sought first to restrict and then to prohibit companies from playing in the inns of London. These companies decided to become independent and they erected playhouses for themselves, outside the city limits, just beyond reach of the hands of those in authority.

In 1576 James Burbage built The Theatre. He had no guide by which to build his theatre and it has been said that "the playhouse which he put up may be described as an innyard—without the inn itself." It was not in London, but was very convenient to the citizens.

The next year another was built not far distant. Before the end of the sixteenth century half a dozen more had been built. Londoners had more playhouses than the inhabitants of any other of the European capitals. In 1599 the original Theatre was taken down and rebuilt as The Globe. Most of the playhouses were circular—"this wooden O," as Shakespeare describes it. The stage was a large platform jutting out into the yard and occupying over a quarter of the space. Nearly all of the spectators stood but one or two galleries were provided for the "Upper Ten." A gallery over the stage served as a balcony or as the upper windows of a house. Two columns on the stage supported a roof which protected the players from the weather.

It was for this theatre that Shakespeare wrote his plays. To this theatre all his tragedies, all his comedies were adjusted. The absence of scenery required vivid descriptions to suggest the picture to the imagination. The poet had to be his own scene-painter and it is to this fact that the superb descriptions in Shakespeare's plays are ascribed.

The theatres of London were better fitted and handsomer than those on the continent. This was the testimony of English travellers abroad and of foreign visitors to Great Britain.

The Elizabethan playwriters wished, as did their predecessors, to show an interesting story chiefly for the benefit of those spectators who could not read. The scene might be anywhere; and without warning change to somewhere else. This was shocking to Sidney, who was acquainted with the drama of the Greeks and Romans in which there was little or no change of scenery. He complained, "Now you shall have three ladies walk in to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not as a rock. Upon the back of that, out comes a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave." But yet most of the people were satisfied with things as they existed. So long as they beheld the hero saved from the wreck and victorious in his combat with the dragon they were perfectly happy.

About this time a growing wish for realism sprang up among the people. Ben Johnson began to write his court plays and huge sums of money were expended in providing costumes for them.

The desire grew among the people until at last our modern theatre has been evolved. When we go to the theatre, do we stand up and jostle in a crowd? Certainly not; we sit back in our leather-upholstered chairs, listening to a forty-piece orchestra and nibbling chocolates during the intermissions. There is no need of using the imagination in picturing the scenes in the forest and in the castle—that would be too much to ask of the "tired business man" of today.

GLADYS CLEMENTS, Junior C.

Shakespeare.

Down through the ages a voice comes ringing:
An immortal voice from the glorious past;
The cloak of ages aside it is flinging,
As if t'were but an hour since we last
Did hear these great words spoken true of her,—
"This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror."
Such a man's home shall sure ne'er be in thrall.
And if because of troublous times of war,
We do not give the homage you deserve,
Thou knowest, Shakespeare, that we think the more,
But that o'er all our country we must serve.
Thou shalt be beloved from pole to pole,
And thy conception be the scholar's goal.

GERTRUDE H. POTTS.

Stratford-Upon-Avon.

SITUATED in the heart of Warwickshire, one of the most beautiful counties of England, is the famous birthplace of Shakespeare — Stratford-on-Avon. As we approach it, one glorious day in summer, we see in the foreground the gently-flowing River Avon, on the further banks of which stands the theatre, and farther down the river we see the church spire rising. Behind these on our left hand is the quaint town, with its broad, clear highway, glittering in the sunshine.At the top of this main thoroughfare we turn off to our right along Henley Street, where we find the house in which Shakespeare was born. This house has been wonderfully preserved and it stands at the present time almost in the same state as it did in Shakespeare's day. It is of the famous Elizabethan architecture which, to the modern eye, gives it its quaint, antique appearance. The room in which Shakespeare was born is now bare and cheerless except for a few remnants of furniture which have been preserved since his time. In this room there is a bust of the poet and all the walls are carved with famous names, initials, and dates. Among the many diamond scratchings on the window panes we find the name, Walter Scott, inscribed there by the famous novelist; among others is the name, Thomas Carlyle. The house is open for inspection from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m. in summer, but it is closed at sundown in winter, because no lights are allowed, for fear of fire.

Retracing our steps down Henley Street, we enter High Street, near the top of which we come to Harvard House, an example of fine old architecture, where the founder of the famous American university, Harvard College, was born.

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1. There will be an Athletic Entertainment on April 14

From High Street we continue on along Chapel Street. At the first corner stands the old Town Hall, and further on is "New Place," the ruins of the home of Shakespeare in his later life. It is surrounded by beautiful grounds and contains a fine mulberry tree, which is said to be an early scion of a tree of Shakespeare's own planting. Shakespeare bought this house when he was thirty years of age for the sum of £60. After he had repaired and brightened it up he called it "New Place." It remained in the possession of his descendants for some years, but at last passed on to strangers. The Rev. Francis Gastrell, who lived there at one time, not only cut down Shakespeare's mulberry tree, but also destroyed "New Place," in a fit of passion because so many people came to visit the old house.

Church Street is a continuation of Chapel Street and on the corner of Chapel Lane and Church Street is the old Guild Chapel, or Chapel of the Holy Cross. Adjoining the Chapel is the Grammar School where Shakespeare attended in his boyhood days. The present students still proudly show you the desk with W. S. carved in bold letters upon it.

A little farther on we come to "Mason Croft," with its panelled rooms and a fine old staircase, the home of Marie Corelli. But with quickened pace and beating hearts we hasten towards Shakespeare's shrine. Holy Trinity Church is a beautiful structure, situated on a bend of the Avon, with a very fine avenue of lime-trees leading up to it. The most interesting point of this Church is the Chancel, where William Shakespeare and his family lie buried. On Shakespeare's tomb we find the following inscription:—

"Good friend for Jesus' sake forbeare,
To digg the dust encloased heare;
Blest be ye man y^{t} spares thes stones,
And curst be he y^{t} moves my bones."

These lines have been ascribed to Shakespeare himself, but most people think they were written by one who venerated him. In defiance of the curse on the tombstone there have been two attempts to remove his remains.

Other things worthy of our notice in the Church are,—the Register, the Font, the Sanctuary Knocker and the Chained Bible. In the Register are entries both of the birth and death of Shakespeare, and the old Font is supposed to be the one at which Shakespeare was christened. The Sanctuary Knocker is a large iron ring, clasped in the mouth of a grotesque head affixed to the door. Any criminal reaching this Knocker could claim protection of the Church. The old Chained Bible dates back as far as 1611; it was re-bound in 1695.

From Trinity Church we follow the Avon by means of Southern Lane till we reach the Memorial Theatre. Here every year the Benson players present Shakespeare's dramas for three weeks,

2. Which will be attended by a large crowd of V.H.S. students

beginning on April 23rd, the anniversary of his death. From the tower, a height of 120 feet, we gain a splendid view of Stratford and the surrounding country.

If from the Memorial Theatre we cross the river again and travel along Charlecote Road, about three miles from Stratford, we come to Charlecote Park, the home of the Lucys, a very famous old family. This park is interesting because it was here that Shakespeare is supposed to have stolen the deer. Because Sir Thomas Lucy fined him for this offence Shakespeare satirized him in one of his plays as Judge Shallow.

But instead of this we go across the town, and, cutting across fields for about two miles, we come to the cottage of Anne Hathaway, afterwards the wife of William Shakespeare. The long two-storied house, beautified by time, and hallowed by the memory of our greatest poet, is one of our most precious heritages. This old place was occupied, until two years ago, by a Mr. Barker, a descendant of Anne Hathaway.

The dates of the birth and death of Shakespeare being so close together in April, both events are celebrated on April 23rd. In the morning of that day, each year, the mayor and council, with the dignitaries of the Church and many friends, form a procession which meets at the birthplace and proceeds to the Church, everybody carrying flowers. After a short service the flowers are all laid on the poet's tomb. After this there is a banquet at which consuls of different nations are often present. On either side of Bridge Street standards are erected and at a given signal all the flags of the nations are unfurled and make a most impressive scene. In the evening the Benson players present the first drama of their series in the Memorial Theatre. Of course, much interest is felt all through England on the 23rd and crowds visit Stratford. The day is a public holiday in the town and all the people pay tribute to Shakespeare, each in his own way. Thus the memory of our greatest English poet is kept fresh in the minds of the people.

GRACE TYSOE, Junior A.

Someone said to Mrs. Siddons that applause was necessary to actors, as it gave them confidence. "More," replied she, "it gives us *breath*."

* * * * *

Garrick was once accosted on the street in London by a man in rags with "Halloa, Garrick, don't you know me?" "I do not," replied the actor. "Strange," said the tattered man, "we acted together at the Drury Lane Theatre." "Impossible," replied Garrick; "in what play?" "In 'Hamlet.' I took the part of the cock, and *crowed* three times behind the curtain.

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3. Who are anxious to kill two birds with one stone:

Sonnet to Shakespeare.

Throned on the pinnacle of Fame, behold
Shakespeare, our English poet and dramatist!
He, though three centuries have quickly roll'd,
Is prais'd by those who still can pierce the mist
Of time; and can his plays and dramas read
And live them as their writer lived them too!
Fame, praise, and honor are the only meed
Which is mete for those who such great works do.
Shakespeare, we hail thee! thee whose praises sound
O'er half the world. And yet, when thou didst live
Thy name its own importance had not found.
But now the world praise to thy name shall give!
Awake, then Genius! with thy pow'r to laud!
For still "the pen is mightier than the sword!"

EDITH HODGSON, Junior A.

William Shakespeare's First School Day.

IT was a bright May morning in the year 1571 when William awoke with the sun and realized that he was now seven years old, and a grown lad, old enough to enter the Grammar School of Stratford-on-Avon.

"Thee'rt up good and early this morning," called Jasper as the boy came running out of the house studying the weather.

"I'm to see the master at the school today. I can say my 'absey' and read from my horn book now, and I'm seven, so he'll let me in."

To the eager boy, the time seemed like ages until his mother was ready to take him to school. In following days we gather that this eagerness wore off and he was rather "A whining school boy * * * creeping like snail unwillingly to school." But at last he found himself, hornbook at his waist, wending his way along Henley Street, Sticking close to his mother's hand, he passed the Market Cross where farmers were busy selling their cows and vegetables,—along High Street and past the Guild Hall and the Guild Chapel joined by a narrow lane to the Great House, as people called it, little dreaming that five and twenty years later this would be his own.

At last the ancient building, with its old staircase winding up the outside to a second floor of schoolrooms, was reached. William and his mother entered and went to the room of the master, Thomas Hunt.

His pupils, having been working at Latin since six, were enjoying fifteen minutes' intermission, "either for breakfast,—or for honest recreation," as the charter said, and so Mr. Hunt was unoccupied. He smiled reassuringly at William, and Mrs. Shakespeare having told

her message, the boy then had to undergo the necessary test. He first had to tell his name, age and place of abode. Next was the reading of the hornbook, which consisted of a sheet of printed paper, covered on both sides by horn. At the top was the alphabet, sometimes called the absey from a, b, c. This Will recited. The next was read, being the Lord's Prayer and part of a psalm.

At this moment, if William had been a girl, he would not have been admitted into this school, since it was only for boys. It was not thought proper for girls of those days to have much learning as "one tongue was enough for a woman," they declared, and it was "a parlous thing for one o' their sex."

But as he was a boy he left his mother and went with the school master to where the boys were still playing in the school-room. At the sight of Hunt, they fell into their places. The boy chosen by the class as the best took the first seat and so on. All those who were there at six took their places as they had been elected, but all those who came late had to take a back seat. Will was put in a seat under the master's eye for the present.

The boys were now in for two hours of mathematics. From the main room they marched into the mathematics room with its oaken roof, and wainscotted walls, and tiny windows high above the floor, and took their seats in the rickety old desks.

The master was about to take up the lesson when he spied two boys who had not been in that morning. He calmly told them to take a back seat and he put them on the "blackbill" as "moochers," for future reference. Most teachers would have given the boys a thrashing right there, but Thomas Hunt was an exception in teachers of those times. They were generally ignorant bullies, or if they were a bit clever, they were so severe that pupils were glad to forget what bit they had learned.

Will was in agony all through this lesson and was glad when eleven o'clock arrived when the boys trooped out for two hours' respite. He at once began to make friends with these "berry moochers," they being the only ones he knew of who had any interests in common with him. They said they had found the patch the previous evening and had stolen out this morning to enjoy themselves. They invited Bill to go with them another time, and he promptly accepted the invitation.

Mrs. Shakespeare had made her little boy's lunch very nice and big, but "Bill" was still feeling hungry at one o'clock, when it was time for lessons again. The next period was enjoyable for "Bill," he being quite clever at reading and spelling.

After this they had another fifteen minutes' recess, and when they were again called in some were feeling joyful as this was the last period of the day.

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5. Secondly, by contributing fifteen cents to the Annual Field Meet.

Those who were not old enough to take Greek took spelling. This was the only time in their school career that they came near learning their own language. Scarcely any deemed it necessary, but the first to urge the study of the vernacular was Mulcaster, a contemporary of Shakespeare's. Being pretty bright at spelling, Will tried to prompt his partner who was otherwise inclined. But "prompting" was a bad habit which Hunt was trying to cure. His sharp eyes pierced our hero to his innermost soul, but seeing that his intention was innocent and Hunt being an exception to teachers of those days, William escaped with a severe inward shock.

Five-thirty arrived. At a sign from the master, with a clatter of shoes and rickety desks the class stood and sang lustily two staves of a psalm. Hunt gave a short prayer and then with a leap and a bound, William found himself outside, his first school day finished.

M. SIMISTER, Matric C.

The Poacher.

THERE was no disguising the fact that the lord of the manor was angry. For three nights running, deer had been stolen from his park, and he was determined to inflict a punishment that would deter anyone else from committing the crime. The night before a young man had been taken in the act of carrying away a fine deer, whose carcass now lay in the hall of judgment. The young man stood before the enraged knight and listened to the sentence pronounced. He was condemned to be whipped publicly by the servants. He was then led away and his judge was alone in the hall. Once more they faced each other, the master and the poacher, the knight and the rascal, and then the youth swore that he would be avenged. "Take him away," shouted the knight, "and see that he never dares to show his face near here again." And the young man was led away a second time.

A few days later a trembling servant carried a note into his master's presence. He had found it sticking in the gate. The knight read it and turning crimson with passion, demanded who had written it. The servant could only say where he had found it. Truly the knight had reason for his anger, for someone had held him up to the jects of the countryside by ridiculing, in a few verses, his appearance, his mannerisms and his temper. But that was not all. The writer of the clever verses had shown them to his friends, one of whom had set them to music and even while the knight was reading the copy of them, they were being sung, whistled, or hummed, by the delighted countryside. Surely the young man was well avenged for the cruel whipping which he had suffered at the hands of his enemy's servants. And the few verses ridiculing the ill-tempered man were among the first of many, many works that are famous all over the world, for the young man was none other than William Shakespeare!

E. PATRICIA H. SMITH.

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Sonnet to Literature.

O Literature, I love thee least of all
The subjects that we learn at school this year.
I study thee to June from last year's fall,
Yet thou, to me, art not so very dear!
Beside thee Euclid does not seem so bad,
But Grammar still is awf'ly hard to learn.
When I return to French my heart is glad;
'Tis for that subject that I always yearn.
E'en as I write this sonnet I can hear
The teacher say, "Now, this will never do—
The rhythm in this poetry is so queer!
You surely do not mean all this is true?"
All this *is* true, my epitaph will be—
Ne'er known to laugh in Literature was she!

EDITH HODGSON.

Someone said of Kean's acting: "I like his dying scenes best; he acts the dead man to the *very life*."

* * * * *

Why is a pig with a curly continuation like the ghost of Hamlet's father? Because he could a tail unfold.

* * * * *

Why is it almost certain that Shakespeare was a broker? Because no man has furnished so many stock quotations.

* * * * *

Reynolds, the dramatist, calling a friend's attention to the thinness of the house at the representation of his own play, attributed it to the war." On the contrary, it's owing to the *piece*," was the blunt reply.

* * * * *

The father of Mrs. Siddons had forbidden her to marry an actor. Notwithstanding his injunction she married one of the theatrical profession. When Roger Kemble heard of it he was furious, and asked her how she dared disobey him. She asserted she had not disobeyed him. "Why," said he, "you have married the worst performer in my company." "Exactly so," murmured the bride; "nobody can call him an *actor*."

* * * * *

"I met Hall Caine at St. Moritz in the Engadine," said a Philadelphian. "He goes to St. Moritz every year, and every year he gets to look more like Shakespeare. At a dinner at the Quim Hotel I congratulated him on his resemblance to the Swan of Avon, and he said that once in Philadelphia, he ran by chance across Ignatius Donnelly, the Bacon-Shakespeare controversialist. Donnelly, gazing reverently upon Hall Caine's broad white brow, pointed face, thin beard and flashing eye, removed his hat and said: 'Lord Bacon, I presume'!"

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Antony and Cleopatra appealed to Macbeth who finally decided that All's Well that Ends Well and that the whole story was a Comedy of Errors.

E. W., Prel. D.

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Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?—*Young.*
Life's a short summer, man is but a flower.—*Dr. Johnson.*
By turns we catch the fatal breaths and die.—*Pope.*
The cradle and the tomb, alas! how nigh.—*Prior.*

To be is better far than not to be.—*Sewall.*
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;—*Spencer.*
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb;—*Daniel.*
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

Thy fate is but the common fate of all,—*Longfellow.*
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;—*Southwell.*
Nature to each allots his proper sphere.—*Congreve.*
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care,—*Churchill.*
Custom does often reason overrule,—*Rochester.*
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.—*Armstrong.*

Live well; how long or short permits to heaven.—*Milton.*
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.—*Bailey.*
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;—*Massinger.*
We masters grow of all that we despise.—*Crowley.*

Oh, then, renounce that unpious self-esteem.—*Beattie.*
Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream,—*Cowper.*
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,—*Davenant.*
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—*Gray.*
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?—*Dryden.*
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.—*Quarles.*

How long we live, not years but actions tell;—*Watkins.*
The man lives twice who lives the first life well.—*Herrick.*
The trust that's given, guard, and to yourself be just,—*Dana.*
For live now how we may, yet die we must.—*Shakespeare.*

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"ABOUT THE WEATHER"

When thinking of the future
And of when the night is past;
And wondering if we'll have courage
To brave the stormy blast,
And townward wend our footsteps;
Then comes the wise refrain—
"It will be fine to-morrow,
If it doesn't rain!"

But oft of other happenings
We speculate and say,
"The next day after this one
Is the twenty-fourth of May.
Do you think it will be fine then?"
This answer comes again—
"It will be fine to-morrow
If it doesn't rain!"

And if we think of going
A balloon trip to the sky,
And we want to-morrow morning
To be fine so we'll keep dry;
The answer comes back mocking,
Its recurrence gives us pain—
"It will be fine to-morrow,
If it doesn't rain!"

Of all the things that worry
And make us feel "quite mad,"
For the answer that is sensible
Is the one that can't be had,
'Tis this answer to our question
Makes us feet that life is vain—
"It will be fine to-morrow,
If it doesn't rain!"

—D. M. B.

* * * * *

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Johnny—"Well, mother, Shakespeare uses it."

Mother—"Then don't play with him; he's not a fit companion for you."

* * * * *

A lady said to Garrick: "I wish, sir, you were taller." Garrick replied: "My dear madam, I should be happy to stand higher in your estimation."

* * * * *

A worn out parent named his first baby "Macbeth," because he murdered sleep.

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—*King Henry VI., Part II., Scene VII.*

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